

MARY HAMILTON'S ROMANCE BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE DINNER OF HER. "I've great news for you, Mary. Captain Conway has been here."

Mary Hamilton took off her black straw hat as she spoke and pushed the hair away from her forehead with a weary gesture.

"Go—he made a suggestion to me, Mary," she began nervously. "A suggestion!"

"You don't mean that he proposed to you, mother?" she exclaimed.

"Something very like it," replied Mrs. Hamilton, still keeping herself very busy with the table.

"For a moment there was silence between them. Mary Hamilton sat looking with astonishment at her mother, and at last she spoke.

"I suppose it wouldn't be a bad thing in the mere way of money, mother," she said slowly.

"He is exceedingly well off. He can provide for you adequately. He has an excellent position."

"I don't—couldn't—never could love him!" Mary burst out.

"Perhaps not; but you can respect him!" cried the mother.

"I don't know that I should even do that much," Mary retorted. Then she suddenly clasped her hands together and looked appealingly at the excited woman opposite to her.

"Working for me!" Mrs. Hamilton exclaimed indignantly.

"Working for me, indeed! And what have I done all these years? Look at my hands, worked to the bone, cooking, scrubbing, sewing, contriving, making my own bits of clothes and never a place to show them in in this desolate wilderness of bricks and mortar!"

"Oh, mother!"

"It's all very well to say, 'Oh, mother!' But I'm speaking the truth. All these years I have struggled and striven for a chance of letting me and my days in peace, you turn up your nose at a man whom any woman might be honored by marrying."

ing; it means nothing. I can't make you marry Captain Conway; indeed, I've no wish to do so. I can't make you see what is best for you, although you might trust your own mother to give you good advice on such a subject.

"So my dream ends," said Mrs. Hamilton bitterly. "It says somewhere in the Bible, 'Her children shall rise up and call her blessed.' It's a fallacy, nowadays at least, for veneration for parents has gone out of fashion."

"The girl tried to lift the prostrate woman, but found herself powerless. She sank upon her knees in an agony of apprehension."

"No—no—mother; don't say that! Let me help you—only try to get up! I'll do anything to please you—mother—mother!"

CHAPTER II. DONE IN A MOMENT.

When Mary Hamilton found that her mother had slipped into utter unconsciousness, she ran to their nearest neighbors and begged them to come in and aid her.

"With care!" Mary Hamilton's heart went down as she heard the two little simple words which give hope to some anxious watchers of the sick, but which open out endless possibilities of unattainable needs to those who are poorly placed in the world.

"At this point the advantages of the alliance which the sick woman had been pressing upon her daughter came prominently into view. During the course of the evening Captain Conway arrived, eager and anxious as to his answer, only to be met with the marital news that Mrs. Hamilton had been still unconscious. His first words were a suggestion, "You will want a nurse."



"I can't let you," Lynn Mary, work," Mary admitted. "For tonight Mrs. Robinson has kindly promised to stay with me, and tomorrow I can't find some nice, respectable person."

friends are allowed to make themselves useful to one another in times of trouble all the world over. I'll take it all on myself and will account to your mother for the liberty I'm taking when she's well enough to discuss such things. So now I'll be off and will send in a suitable nurse at once. Goodbye! Good-bless you, my dear!"

"Before a couple of hours had gone by a white capped nurse in dainty uniform had arrived at the little house and had installed herself in charge of the case, and when Mary got home from her work the following afternoon Mrs. Hamilton had recovered her senses again and was pronounced to be vastly improved."

"The sick woman gave a murmur of satisfaction and closed her eyes again. Mary turned away and went to the window, where she stood looking out trying to keep herself under control. Her face was white and set, her hands shaking and cold. So her mother had not forgotten; the sacrifice would have to be made and she must at no distant time sell herself into a slavery which would be a living horror. And this was the end of all her toil, of all her ambitions, of all her brilliant hopes and vivid dreamings! Small wonder that her heart seemed as if it had turned to water within her; that her soft rounded nose and cheeks, as if she had been in a deep and treacherous morass from which she could never be extricated, try and struggle as she would."

"I need not dwell upon this part of Mary Hamilton's story. The hot and dusty summer days dragged drearily by, each one bringing the inevitable nearer and nearer. Mrs. Hamilton slowly improved in health. Mary went to and fro to her work, the white capped nurse remained in attendance, and Captain Conway hovered around the little house-hold like a good angel, an angel with a red, weather beaten face and with a very large circumference.

"Such prayers, however, are mostly futile. Mary's wedding day dawned all too soon, and the warning, 'Do not stray with any measurement,' rang out over the heads of an ashen pale bride, who had so modestly and resolutely refused to allow herself to be doled in bridal attire, rather persons and ribbed bridesmaids, who developed the ring and mumbled his vows defiantly after the officiating minister; a mahogany faced groomsmen and a frail, elderly lady in a mauve silk who leaned upon the arm of a tall young woman in nurse's uniform."

"My darling child!" cried her mother enthusiastically. "I am so happy! My dear child!"

"I am glad, my dear," Mary whispered back and said the while if God would ever forgive her for the false vows she had pledged, the entrance she had made to herself, for being the living lie that she was.

"I can't let you," Lynn Mary, work," Mary admitted. "For tonight Mrs. Robinson has kindly promised to stay with me, and tomorrow I can't find some nice, respectable person."

"I can't let you," Lynn Mary, work," Mary admitted. "For tonight Mrs. Robinson has kindly promised to stay with me, and tomorrow I can't find some nice, respectable person."

which had come to her all too surely that the genial, bluff, jovial sailor, with his frank hearty ways and his open handed generosity, was in reality of a course and calculating nature, which had taken count of every farthing that he had expended and who looked to have payment and interest for every single coin, to hide from her that his gentility too often meant drink, and that his frank bluntness was merely the temper; to hide from her, in short, all that he really and truly was.

"I pointed at the photographs and looked at him inquiringly, which meant 'How much?'"

"I pointed at the photographs and looked at him inquiringly, which meant 'How much?'"



"Edward, don't say that!" she began nervously.

together, her cheeks were as red as poppies until, in her anger at such an insult, they faded to the paleness of death. Then she remembered her mother, the frail, weak, feeble soul who persisted in calling Captain Conway her dear boy and in attributing to him every noble and generous attribute that could by any chance be found in the character of any man, and her instinct was to hide it, to smooth things over, to—open living the life as she had begun."

"Edward, don't say that!" she began nervously. "You will frighten my mother!"

"And if I do!" he cried roughly. "I'll always mother her, mother there! What do I care whether she's frightened or not?"

"My God, no!" she cried sharply, forgetting for a moment her policy of concealment. And then—she didn't like to write it; I don't like to think of it—then there was a blow—a fall—and dead silence, only broken by the deep drawn, gasping sobs of an outraged and broken hearted woman.

"You struck me!" she said at last. Her whole face and being were changed. From a passive martyr she had become an accusing spirit. "You—struck—me!" The words hissed out like whips cutting through the air. The man shrank a little as he heard.

"I forgot myself," he muttered sublimely. "I admit it. I want to be friends."

"The girl's gray eyes were fixed upon him and seemed to look into his very soul. 'You told me you would teach me to love you,' she said with intense sweetness. 'Your way is rough and ready. I can't date you on your success.'"

"The following story of a dog of the restoration has been taken from the voracious Peeps under the date Sept. 11, 1881: 'To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he bath abundance of grapes; and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come hither to kill his pheasants, and do afterward bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered, that if the tip of the tail hangs out he will take by the end again, and dig the hole deeper. Which is very strange; and he tells me that he do believe that he hath killed above a hundred cats.'"

Conversation Without Words.

The traveler in a foreign land is not necessarily helpless because he does not know the language. Nor was a correspondent who admits that when he entered Italy his nine words of French and 15 words of German were of no great use to him. He says:

In Genoa I went into a photographer's shop and selected a dozen photographs.

He nodded his head and wrote "14" on a slip of paper.

I walked over to a calendar hanging on the wall and pointed to 29. Then he walked back and picked up the photographs and shook his head, which clearly meant that he could not allow me to take the ones I had selected, but would have the others printed by the 29th.

Then I pointed to 25 on the calendar and said "Roma," which meant that I should depart for Rome on that date.

He nodded and then pointed to 30 and asked "Eh?" which meant, "Shall you be in Rome until the 30th?"

I nodded violently.

I wrote my Rome address on a slip of paper.

In making change he held out 1 lira. "Poste," he explained.

Then I departed. Ordinarily a shopper selecting a dozen photographs to be printed to order and forwarded to him at the next town would spend ten minutes or more in making inquiries and giving directions. Our total conversation was just five words.—Chicago Record.

"Insular Powers of a Beetle." The following anecdote of a three horned beetle will give some idea of its vast strength of body. A beetle was brought in, and, there being no box at hand in which to put it, it was clapped under a quart bottle of milk, which happened to be upon the table, the hollow at the bottom of the bottle allowing the insect to stand upright.

Presently the beetle began to move slowly and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned beetle, and continued its travels for some time, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce. So that it readily moved a weight 112 times greater than its own.

A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of 15 to be imprisoned under a great bell weighing 12,000 pounds and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing it from within.—New York Sun.

The Diet of the Consumptive. Dr. Cutter of New York, one of the editors of The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, declares the most important part of the treatment of tubercular patients is the diet. It should, he says, consist largely of animal foods. Of these, eggs and milk should preponderate. Eggs are best given raw when the patient can take them thus. The albumen of the egg is similar to blood albumen and is digested, or rather absorbed, into the blood without undergoing an elaborate digestive process. The white of the egg, mixed with water, is often tolerated when the yolk cannot be borne by the stomach. Bone marrow of the ox he regards as of greater value than cod liver oil. Good butter may be used freely and should be spread thickly on thin slices of bread. Heavy meals are to be avoided. The patient should take small quantities of food between meals.

Soldering Glass. Margot, in some interesting investigations in soldering glass, has established the fact that an alloy composed of 85 parts of tin and 5 parts of zinc will melt at about 392 degrees Fahrenheit. Becoming firmly adherent to the glass, it is unalterable and exhibits an attractive luster. An alloy containing 90 parts of tin and 10 parts of aluminum will melt at 500 degrees Fahrenheit, and also forms a strong and brilliant solder for glass. With these two alloys always ready to hand, glass may be soldered as easily as two pieces of metal. When the glass is heated in a furnace, the soldering can be accomplished by rubbing the surface with a rod of either of the compositions named. The alloy as it flows can be evenly distributed with a soldering iron.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Dog Story by Peeps. The following story of a dog of the restoration has been taken from the voracious Peeps under the date Sept. 11, 1881: 'To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he bath abundance of grapes; and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come hither to kill his pheasants, and do afterward bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered, that if the tip of the tail hangs out he will take by the end again, and dig the hole deeper. Which is very strange; and he tells me that he do believe that he hath killed above a hundred cats.'"

"The Best Man That Ever Lived." After hearing so many women express themselves upon the subject we have come to the conclusion that "the best man who ever lived," if he ever married, will have to take what he can get. The ordinary, everyday sort of man will probably continue, as heretofore, to gather in the cream of the fair sex.—Boston Transcript.

Mostly Gnostics. "What! tremendously tall men your policemen are? Are they natives?" "Oh, no! Nearly all of them came out here and grew up with Chicago."—Chicago Tribune.